

Note and Comment

The Saturday News referred last week to the strong hold which the late King had on the affections of all classes of society. That his immense personal popularity has done a very great deal to strengthen the monarchy there can be no question. The most striking tributes that have been paid to his memory have not been from those who occupy high official positions, and who by virtue of those positions would be required to sing the praises of the dead sovereign, no matter what his particular virtues. They have come from those who are quite free from such responsibilities and whom no one would accuse of speaking under the restrictions imposed upon a courtier.

Mr. Will Crooks, ex-M.P., a Socialist leader, for instance, has pronounced a glowing eulogy. He declared that Edward, as the father of all his people, was constantly concerned that the poor man should have a fair chance in life. But more remarkable still was his statement that "we like to feel that the King is above us all and to look up to him."

Mr. Philip Snowden, often described as the most dangerous of wavers of the red flag, because of his unusual ability, backs up Mr. Crooks by the assertion that "we are a democratic party, not republicans." "No member of the labor party," he adds, "attacks the monarchy."

Mr. Enoch Edwards, another Laborite, emphasized in his speech in the House of Commons that the late King by his noble life had taught the masses how those in high places may serve their fellow-creatures who are less fortunately situated.

This all goes to show how little those who tell us that the days of monarchical government in Britain are numbered know what they are talking about. Mr. Snowden's words may be taken to represent the underlying sentiment of thinking people in all parts of the British dominions. They are democratic to the core, but they cannot read the history of their own and of other countries without realizing that true liberty flourishes best under a government with a king at its head, personifying the strength and dignity of the state, and acting as a permanent source of authority amid the ebb and flow of parties. We have heard so often the shallow view expressed that the sovereign was an expensive and useless figurehead, who mit was a relic of mediaevalism to maintain, a view which we in Canada have accepted to a deplorable extent from the vaporings of some of the newspapers published in the country to the south of us, that it is very refreshing to have men like those quoted above give the clear-cut opinion that they do.

An American newspaper, the Providence Journal, makes this very significant comment. "Those writers," it says, "who insist that the principle of hereditary monarchy is likely to be endangered in England if the House of Lords persists in refusing tamely to submit to the demands of the present government should read carefully certain recent utterances by Englishmen who cannot be accused of any predilection for aristocratic ideas. It is natural, of course, that Americans should have a certain difficulty in understanding why Englishmen even of pronounced democratic views should manifest no desire for a republican form of government. In some respects the British Parliament is more nearly in touch with popular sentiment than Congress. It might almost be said that there is a far greater degree of alienation between classes in the United States than in Great Britain. But even those Englishmen who resent hereditary privileges do not resent the idea of kingship. The whole House of Lords might be swept away without affecting the stability of the throne. There is, it may be, a lack of logic in such an attitude. But the development of the British Constitution has not been by logical processes. The only question Englishmen ask is, 'Will it work?' On the one occasion when England tried to get along without a king it was found not to work."

We do not even admit that the attitude lacks logic. A state should be something apart from the party government which is for the time being in charge of its affairs. It is according as this idea is developed that we have that stability which is the best test of a constitutional arrangement. The monarchy ensures this, and it is because it does so that we are anxious to see it retained, for other than sentimental reasons.

But the most unique tribute of all that has been paid to the King came from Ireland. A meeting

His Late Majesty.



The above, showing King Edward in the full Garter Regalia, is from a life size painting of the late King by P. Tennyson Cole. It was presented to the King by Sir Alfred Jones, president of the Liverpool Board of Trade.

Past, Present and Future



King Edward with his son and successor, King George, and his grandson, Prince Edward of Wales, now heir apparent to the throne.

of Irishmen was addressed the other day by Mr. William O'Brien, M.P. for Cork: "For the first time possibly in an unhappy history of eight centuries," said Mr. O'Brien, "a meeting of Irishmen, who are Nationalists to the marrow in their bones, may begin proceedings by laying a tribute of respect and genuine sorrow upon the coffin of an English king."

Those who know the history of Ireland and of the Nationalist movement do not need to be told of the significance of these words. Amid all our self-congratulations about the strength of Imperial sentiment, Ireland has continued to cast its shadow. We have referred to the loyalty to the British Crown of the Canadians of French descent and of even our late opponents in arms, the people of the Transvaal and the Orange River Colonies. The manner in which they have rallied to the support of British institutions has been an inspiring spectacle. But the majority of the people of Ireland have stood aloof. Is a new day dawning? Has the genuine effort of recent years made by the predominant partner to undo the crying wrongs of past centuries been having its effect? Will the warm-hearted Irish come to occupy the place which they should in the family of the Empire, and be a source of strength instead of weakness? Unless all signs fail, our hopes will before many years be realized. In the current number of the English Review of Reviews there appears a very striking article by Mr. Stead in which he makes some striking observations on a recent trip to Ireland. In his opinion the idea, that all that has been done to promote better feeling between the sister isles has been of no avail, is quite wrong. He found a most remarkable change, due very largely, he believes, to the operation of Mr. Wyndham's land purchase act and to the great movement for the improvement of agricultural conditions, headed by Sir Horace Plunkett.

Other evidence supports that of Mr. Stead and Mr. O'Brien's tribute to the King is not the least important. Edward VII. had already done much in aiding this process of reconciliation. What might he not have accomplished if longer life had been given him? In no other field of activity has his son and successor a chance to accomplish greater results.

"Kit" in the Toronto Mail and Empire pays The Saturday News a much-appreciated compliment, describing it as "quite the brightest and best weekly in our last West." This reference he makes incidentally in taking note of the discussion, which recently occurred in this page, as to the position of the Englishman in Western Canada.

"That there is such a prejudice as that against the Englishman," she writes, "is most unfortunate for Canada. Nowhere should the English settler be more welcome than here. He may not be the salt of the earth, but he is, I think, in large measure, its seasoning of salt and thyme and other such savory flavors. If we throw Scotland in for onions, and Ireland for pepper and mustard, Canada can well supply the meat for the Imperial stew. We do not think it is for the best interests of this country to decry the usefulness of the English colonist. We are apt to be impatient with the remittance man, and to be intolerant of his brother, the poorer man in the peaked cap. The former makes good in time—say in three years in this 'temperate'—as compared with Britain—country. The latter makes good, too, after a lesson or so in adaptability. It is not as easy for an Englishman to adapt himself to conditions and environment, as it is for the Scot or the Irishman, but, once he learns the ropes there is no better colonist, or finer all-round man, than your Englishman. Let him alone or help him; do not revile and incense him; do not give him either the laugh or the cold shoulder. We are too apt at doing both in this country. Make the English immigrant welcome. He is a good sort—no better; and even if he looks on Canada as a kind of possession of his mother's, has he not a bit of right on his side? We are the splendid Old Lady's Eldest Daughter (why not son I wonder?) and young John Bull comes over here a bit arrogant, maybe, but good and sound to rock bottom. Give him the wide, warm hand-clasp, and should he laugh or belittle Johnny Canuck, why, call a boxing match and fight him with your fists—the manliest way and the way he and you best understand."

The article which The Saturday News published in its last issue on the need of keeping the University of Alberta closely in touch with the life of the people, the striking utterance of President

(Continued on page eight)

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Requiescat.

(Charlotte M. Jew, in the "Nation," London)
Your birds that call from tree to tree
Just overhead, and whirl and dart,
Your breeze fresh-blowing from the sea,
And your sea singing on, Sweet-heart.

Your salt scent on the thin, sharp air
Of this gray dawn's first drowsy hours,
While on the grass shines everywhere
The yellow starlight of your flowers.

At the road's end your strip of blue
Beyond that line of naked trees—
Strange that we should remember these
As if you would remember these!

As if your spirit, swaying yet
To the old passions, were not free
Of Spring's wild magic, and the fret
Of the wilder wooing of the sea!

What threat of old imaginings,
Half-remembered, half-remembered pain,
Or dread of unfamiliar things
Should ever trouble you again?

Yet you would wake and want, you said,
The wild whirr of wings, the clear
Gay notes, the wind, the golden beat
Of the daffodil: and they are here—!

Yet overhead, they whirl and dart
Your birds that call from tree to tree,
Your sea is singing on—Sweet-heart,
Your breeze is blowing from the sea.

Beyond the line of naked trees
At the road's end, your stretch of blue—
Strange if you should remember these
As we, ah! God! remember you!

I was walking down town with a friend of mine lately, chatting away in desultory fashion, when she remarked suddenly:
"Do you know, my dear, I think you've a wonderful imagination, you're always talking of seeing things, interesting things, about town, when Heaven's I'm bored to death. For any sake glance down this street, forget that you're a writer out to manufacture 'copy,' and tell me, do you see anything to arouse even passing interest?"

In front of us the usual little groups of people were passing up and down. In the shop windows the same dummy figures and displays of goods beckoned an invitation to come within, that they extend on practically every day of the year. So much my friend saw, and seeing, was disgusted with. She, you see, is a smart woman, trained to closing her eyes to things. I was a working journalist out to find what of interest lies behind the ordinary phases of life, and there are a few of the things that obstructed themselves.

For all that we were passing a bakery, a very ordinary, modest little bakery, promising little to fire the imagination, I glanced within. Row on row were arranged shiny trays of appetizing cakes, rolls and other good things, and behind the counter bustled two energetic shop assistants, bundling parcels as fast as they could go, and meanwhile giving their undivided attention to the customers waiting to be served. Nothing here, one might say, on the face of it, to give a passing thought, and yet to one who knows the history of the enterprise, its tiny beginning, with absolute cleanliness and daintiness as the bulk of the capital, and the subsequent success that has crowned the energetic efforts of the two women who started it, the sight of the wee place has an attraction of its own. But even with this explanation my friend assured me the matter was indifferent to her, and so I carried her off to another world, with which she is totally unfamiliar. To the world of the second-hand shops, where, if you wait a bit, you will see enough and to spare to occupy your mind, not only in the present, but months hence, when you are perhaps dreaming before the fire, and the problems and thoughts that have faced you in the atmosphere of old odds and ends,

furniture and kitchen stuff, crowd back on you and will not down until you have solved them for yourself one way or another.

The first place we struck was a pawnshop, where the window display might keep one guessing "the heart interest" of the conglomeration for the goodly part of a day and then some more.

A snake-mounted flash from India, inscribed "Presented by the Polo Club to the name scratched out, is surely worth following up. A fine pearl bracelet almost whispers its own story. A Barnardo Medal for "good conduct," an old hand-made chain, a woman's photo in a little carved frame, a set of compasses, a pistol, a sovereign case—so on and so—there here no matter for speculation? But just as we were equipping some small trifle, in the dim background quelled near us, I noticed two young fellows, obviously old country chaps, who had apparently been interrupted in the midst of some transaction by our entrance.

I don't know yet why I spoke to them—I did. Mentioned wanting to get some old country articles that I found it difficult to obtain, and soon pocketed their business. Number One was attempting to pawn his wife's diamond and sapphire ring, had only been wearing the day before, and was obviously well educated and a new hand at dealing with pawn-brokers. His friend was just "looking round."

The upshot of it was that soon I was listening to their experiences en route to Canada, the land of the free and the home of the brave. "Things were flat in England, that was the sum and substance of their reason for coming here. The first thing I don't know why," one laughingly remarked, "but it wouldn't have surprised me a little bit if in addition to a free grant of land, we had found a house, a team of oxen and a few other accommodations just 'thrown in.' In England at the name of Canada, one seems to see visions and dream dreams."

It wasn't long after making up their minds to come to this new Canadian land, that they had their household possessions, had their passage booked, their cabin reservations in their pockets and were aboard. But now they had their first awakening from the dream. "Once on board, they were immediately ordered men, women and children, up on deck. This was at 11 a.m., and there they remained without any food in the cold wind and dreary spray, until six o'clock at night, when the last of the 1,500 passengers had passed the medical examination. In that time no smallest baby was provided with so much as a drop of milk. The little children wailed bitterly, mothers sank down from exhaustion. The men—well, the men cursed—and some fought."

"It was Hell," said the man who was "looking round"; "Plain Hell." At a makeshift of a table a supper was served. "Stew, a slice of bread, and a cup of tea. After this delectable feast, our cabin was turned out, one year old, and a rather delicate wife, decided to hunt up their cabin and the man who had been a member of the Armed with his letter from the company stating that Cabin No. — had been reserved for them. He approached the purser, only to be laughed at and told that there never was any such cabin.

All this time men and women were fighting wildly to get their reservations. Travelling in tiers like sardines, it became known that while there was accommodation for only 700 passengers, 1,500 had been shipped. You may conceive the scenes that followed. Women lay down any old place too sick to stand. The wailing of hungry, helpless children became maddening. Single men were ordered to the "Glorious Hole," the hold, where they were packed in tiers like sardines. The man with the year-old baby finally secured a cabin, only at ten o'clock, to be turned out of it and someone else shoved in.

At four o'clock a bell was rung, "the rouser," and the third class passengers were made to get up and get a "move on" to the ready for breakfast. What nights were put in under these conditions, may be better imagined than written. Ill or well, everyone was made to go up on deck during the day, and one time get vaccinated, and another undergo something else. No peace, no rest.

The meals all this time were scandalous, the meat foul, and the other edibles abominable. Some of the passengers found it impossible to touch the food, and endured agonies of weakness as a result. A call for brandy for a woman who was sick, brought the retort, "What do you think you are down here in the Third?" A steward's assistant being asked what treatment they received, answered, "Bad enough, but of course we wouldn't be asked to eat as bad as this."

Rats added to the excitement of the passage by running across the beds; the odor of cooking at times was unbearable. And yet prior to engaging passage the ship's company wrote, forwarding a menu of the delicious edibles served up for the "Thirds."

Promises, promises, promises! What wonder that these poor people grew terrified of what awaited them in Canada. At Quebec more red tape, further indignities, and yet prior to engaging passage the ship's company wrote, forwarding a menu of the delicious edibles served up for the "Thirds."

Promises, promises, promises! What wonder that these poor people grew terrified of what awaited them in Canada.

adian weather, Canadian patriotism, Canadian treatment, the country itself, they have fallen in love. "Now they are looking for a 'hitch—uh 'hatch,' 'smack'—what do you call it?"

Shack—yes. Soon they are moving off to their homesteads. Kipling has it that "The liner she's a lady." Bosh! This lady at least behaved like a brute.

The liners could stand a Royal Commission turning a little investigating light on their methods, according to these men's story. Was a friend interested in this yarn? Oh, yes, but "When did you say, dear, that he was going down to Gull Lake?" ended the conversation.

This Is the Age of 'Tess' Things.

The philosopher of the Montreal Star is not pleased with the trend of the age. He deals with it as follows: Nowadays it is the fashion to boast of the present age as the age par excellence of wonderful productions. A reaction is setting in; and the next generation may find its glory in the number of things hitherto regarded as indispensable, which it will have learned to do without. The spineless cactus, the seedless orange, the stoneless plum, the wireless telegraph, the horseless carriage, not to mention such things as tasteless cod liver oil and boneless turkey are the harbingers of an age which will chiefly be remarkable as the time for the disappearing of many old stand-bys.

Man's Destiny.

The scientists tell us that man himself will evolve into a hairless, toothless animal. He will not be much to look at, according to our present standards of beauty (too much like a turnip lantern), but look at the advantages he will enjoy. No hair means no barber for the man; no hatpins for the woman. No teeth means no teething and no more painless dentistry. Besides, the present movement for dietary reform succeeds, teeth will have already survived their usefulness. What will be the use of teeth to the man who has learned to live exclusively on soup milk, or more appropriate still, asses' milk? Man will go through the world and out of it pretty much as he came into it: sans hair, sans teeth, sans everything.

It is some years since the mayor of Norwich very properly fined a man for making the treasonable and libelous declaration that the then Prince of Wales was a turnip without a shirt. But how the world has advanced since then! A decade or two ago Sockless Jerry Simpson alone among statesmen had the courage of his convictions upon the issue which was his great claim to fame. Today some of the best known statesmen in the world have achieved distinction by the simple process of discarding stockings, socks and other things.

In the wars of the future, beardless boys and beardless men will seek the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth, which will be all the more deadly because it will use smokeless and noiseless powder. We have not achieved railless railway, but we have reduced the number of rails from two to one, we have taken a long step in that direction; and even in Canada, there has recently been talk of building railways without subsidies, which used to be regarded as far more essential to railways than rails. Most of the fox-hunting on this continent is now done without disturbing the foxes.

Noiseless Orchestra.

What will be the next step? Who can tell? Perhaps noiseless orchestras, to facilitate conversation and digestion in hotel dining rooms. But stay! Will there be any dining rooms? We are getting back to nature at a rapid rate. Somehow the idea of a vegetarian banquet in a Scott Act town does not suggest musical accompaniment. Especially will this be the case if we are forbidden to eat asparagus, celery, potatoes, turnips, carrots, and a few other vegetables. If all the reformers have all their way, we will be limited to kernelless nuts without any shells, which Mr. Burbank will invent or discover for us, and, like our arboral ancestors, we shall probably prefer to enjoy them in the tree tops. This makes the question of forest conservation a really live issue. The treeless forest must be prevented at any cost and the woodman who will not spare the tree should be sent to the bottomless pit.

Of course, there may be another solution to the puzzle of life. Before the comet comes back twice the race itself will be extinct—through sheer failure in the sentimental sense. There were hopeless attachments long before the first ballist made his return that he found nothing to seize. Loveless marriages and childless families may leave both the forests and the ruined cities to the owls and the bats who in some respects are wiser than some races that see better by daylight.

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IN THE
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A Toronto dispatch says: "An informal meeting of prominent local cricketers was held last night to discuss means for making the game more attractive, especially to the Canadian youth. Those elements of the game which the Canadian boy votes 'slow' were discussed, together with the possibility of making rules which would eliminate these features in part or in whole. The outcome of the discussion was the appointment of a strong committee with Mr. James Edmund Jones as convener, to draft some suggested rules for submission to a full representative meeting to be held later."

The suggestion is a bold one, but Mr. Jones having just completed a revision of the Church of England hymn-book for Canadian congregations, doubtless feels fit for any task. I would certainly like to see cricket take more of a hold in Canada and anything which would serve to make it more attractive to the young fellows is worth giving close attention to. But, it seems to me, that what is needed is not a change in the rules, but greater encouragement from those whose days of active participation in sport are over, and yet who realize what it means to the country, to have our games conducted along such lines as will make for clean, healthy, fair-minded manhood. Cricket takes money to maintain. Just at present, at least, it is an impossibility to secure large gates at the matches. The burden falls on the players, both in the way of membership fees and expenses when away from home. If they could be helped out by our wealthier citizens, so that better grounds and more matches could be obtained, it could soon be put on a better basis. There are decided objections to having the rules changed for Canada. What we hope is that there will, in the years to come, be frequent visits of Canadian cricketers to the Old Country, just as there are from Australia and South Africa. The tour of the team that is going this year from Eastern Canada will be watched with interest. If our rules were different from those in the old land, the different would interfere with these matches.

COVER POINT.

The Demoralization of Sport.

Here is a striking picture from the London Morning Post, which illustrates admirably what sport should not be:

Eighty thousand enthusiasts assembled at the Crystal Palace to witness the struggle for the Football Association challenge cup, the teams being Newcastle United and Barnsley.

"Industrial England made holiday on Saturday for the 'cup-tie' football match at the Crystal Palace," says the Morning Post. "It was not only a London festival. From the north there came to the scene of play an invading horde of millhands, miners, factory workers. Indeed, it was their affair more than London's, since both the contesting teams were drawn from their ranks, or rather, were the hired gladiators of their clubs."

"All through Friday night excursion trains from the north poured their partisans of the teams into the metropolis, and from the earliest dawn on Saturday until the great roar which marked the hour of the appearance of the players on the ground, the South London roads converging on the Crystal Palace were filled by the festival traffic, the people of the north easily distinguishable from the people of the south by dress and gait, but from north and south alike an industrial crowd."

"Around the arena were ranged in row after row, sitting and standing, scores of thousands of men. The ground was covered with them for the space of many acres. There were very few women or girls; the usual headgear was a cloth cap, the occasional decorative black felt hat. So no color intervened in the mass. It was a blackness spotted with a soiled white showing like a monstrous parterre designed in pale flowers from caverns. There was no suggestion of merriment, of gaiety, of a holiday spirit. Mingling with the constituent atoms of the crowd, they seemed all tired, listless, bored. Many had evidently sought to make their hearts glad with drink, and seemingly had not

succeeded. Of conversation there was practically none; an occasional tired speculation on the chances of the game that was soon to start, an occasional obscurity of course. So much of what little talk there was took obscure terms that it was well that there was not generally women present; but a holiday at which men and women cannot assemble together is no right holiday for a nation.

"The holiday for most of those present consisted in taking train or tram to the ground, standing or sitting during some hours of waiting, and then witnessing a few men, to whom sport is an industry, playing a game of football."

"That is not a sound kind of holiday. Whilst England's men are content with that much participation in sport they cannot have wholesome ideals, and England's leaders should not give their connivance to the degradation of the play spirit represented by this gathering of great crowds to look upon hired gladiators contesting for prizes. To play is in itself necessary; as important in the formation of national character as to work. On the playground, in the workshop, nations are built."

"No good lasting work is ever done in a spirit of gloom and sourness. But there is no help to cheerfulness and gaiety and happy living in some hundreds of thousands of men spending a day in watching two little groups of skillful athletes playing a game. A reflecting patriot would send these fine hired-players back to their workshops, with advice to play only on holidays, and would dismiss the vast masses of spectators to the fields to learn to help to defend their country and to play games among themselves, however unskillfully at first. A cup-tie match is dispiritingly suggestive of the days of the decline of another Empire, when a corrupted citizenry clamored for free food and circuses."

Golf in the Dark

To the ordinary, uninitiated spectator golf as it is played today is often funny enough; but there are untold possibilities of humor in the latest development of the game, which a couple of members of the Old Trafford Club introduced to a somewhat bewildered and hysterically sceptical crowd one night recently.

Doubling a little, yet not without faith, the two players left the clubhouse after 8 p. m. and with a big following tramped in the darkness to the first tee. The first player took a ball from his pocket and teed it in the usual manner. The crowd promptly expressed astonishment. Though it was a moonless and cloudy night, the ball shone bright in the gloom—a strange, purple sphere, visible at a distance of about 20 yards.

"Ha, ha!" cried the player as he whirled his club, swung his arms and smote. The ball went ahead—a dart of light; and it was the crowd that said "Ha, ha!" when it disappeared.

Ball No. 2 followed suit, and everybody strode forward in the direction of the hole. Unfortunately neither of the players was a scratch man, and both sides had been erratic, but although one ball was pulled and the other sliced, both were found after a little search through the electric light in Chester Road made the task more difficult than it otherwise would have been. Approach shots were duly played, and there was great jubilation when one of the balls touched the pin.

Other assays were made and another putting green reached. The pair who were giving the exhibition, however, were in anything but form, and as the "caddies" got tired of the slicing and pulling the venture was shortly afterward concluded. It showed, however, that there is great sport in the idea, particularly to good players in good form, who can guess within certain limits, on courses they know where a ball is likely to go. The golf balls used at Old Trafford were coated in luminous paint, and they had been made after many experiments by a lecturer in chemistry in the municipal school of technology, Manchester.—Manchester correspondence London Daily News.

Too Many Breakdowns

Roderick—There goes the great humorist. He doesn't write any more automobile jokes.

Van Albert—No, he sold so many automobile jokes he bought an automobile and now he finds they are no joke at all.

Ominous

Local Doctor—fixing it up with his locum tenens—"Well, that's about all it is necessary to know. Still, if you can think of anything else—"



An Edmonton man, who not long ago was convinced of the error of his ways by a travelling evangelist, went to New York for a visit at the first of the month. This is part of a letter which his wife has received:

"New York is a great city, but I do wish I had come here before I was converted."

Says a newspaper down the line: "Owing to the overcrowded conditions of our columns, a number of births and deaths are unavoidably delayed."

Guest at a restaurant—Excuse me, sir, can you let me come to the telephone? You have been there twenty minutes without saying a word.

"Sorry, sir, but I'm talking to my wife."

In the early days of Methodism in Scotland a certain congregation, where there was but one rich man, desired to build a new chapel. A church meeting was held. The rich old Scotchman rose and said:

"Brethren, we dinna need a new chapel; I'll give £5 for repairs."

Just then a bit of plaster falling from the ceiling hit him on the head. Looking up and seeing how bad he was, he said:

"Brethren, it's worse than I thought. 'I'm able to do it'."

"O Lord!" exclaimed a devoted brother on a back seat, "hit 'im again."

Josephine, aged ten, is very fond of attending the matinee. The other day she was giving a spirited story of the play to Marion, who was aged nine. "My mamma says it isn't good for little girls to go to the theatre," said Marion, with an air of self-righteousness. "I'm not even goin' 'till I'm eighteen."

"Humph!" retorted Josephine without any hesitation, "h'pse you die when you are thieventeen, then you'll be thintin'!"

"What is it," the Sunday school superintendent asked, "that binds us together and makes us better than we are by nature?"

"Our courtesies, sir," piped a wise little girl of eight.

Clerk—I have a beautiful new edition of "Mendelssohn's Song Without Words" for \$2.

Mrs. Newrich—Indeed. How much is it with the words?—Life.

A purchaser of a riverside property asked the estate agent if the river didn't sometimes overflow its banks. "Well," replied he, "it isn't one of those sickly streams that are always confined to their beds."—Scottish American.

English Girl—You American girls have not such healthy complexions as we have. I cannot understand why our noblemen take a fancy to your white faces.

American Girl—It isn't our white faces that attract them, my dear, it's our greenbacks.

Good Man—Ah, my poor fellow, I feel sorry for you. Why don't you work? When I was young, for ten years I was never bed after five. An hour's work before breakfast, then four hours' work, then dinner; then four hours' more work, then supper, then bed, then up again at five the next morning—

Loafer—I say, guv-nor, where did ye serve yer time—San Quentin or Folsom?—San Francisco Star.

The late John A. Phillips, an Ottawa journalist, was, at one time, a temporary clerk in the Public Works Department. After he had happily returned to the work of the Press Gallery, he often related odd bits of his experience as a civil servant. On one occasion, so the Toronto Star relates, he said: "My monthly salary was charged to one account or to another, according to the work I might be doing, or as money might be available. Of course, it did not care generally whether my monthly check showed that I had been working in Halifax

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Home and Society

Edmonton.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Mowat left for the coast on Wednesday.

Mrs. Harold Brunton arrived in town on Saturday night, and is being welcomed back by a host of old friends. For the present she and her husband are en pension at Updown Villa.

I hear that Miss Mary Harris' wedding to Mr. Gillespie will take place on the 25th of this month.

Dr. Whittaker left on Saturday night for a visit to his old home in London—also to be married—the bride-to-be being Miss Ethel Sommerville, late night superintendent at the Public Hospital, who is at present preparing for her marriage at her home in Georgetown, Ont., where the interesting event will take place on June 15th. Very few knew of the doctor's matrimonial intentions when he left Edmonton, but will join in wishing him and his fiancée all happiness and good fortune in their married life.

Mrs. Bowker was the hostess of a small bridge in honor of her mother, Mrs. Kirchhoff of Brandon, on Wednesday.

Mrs. Herbert Dawson will not receive again this season.

Mrs. Ewing and Mrs. Donald Macdonald are going east early in June to visit relatives. Mrs. Ewing to stay with her sister, Mrs. Harvey, in Orillia, and Mrs. Macdonald to Cobourg to spend the summer with her mother.

Mrs. Duncan Marshall, wife of the Minister of Agriculture, had a very jolly tea for her guest, Miss Maharg of Calgary on Thursday last, when in addition to a merry crowd of girls there was a plentiful scattering of gay young bachelors, who seemed to be enjoying themselves quite as much as the gentler sex, who are popularly supposed to be the most ardent devotees of the tea-cups. I remember thinking how pretty and animated everybody looked, as I entered, "Mrs. Marshall giving everyone a very kindly greeting and wearing a fashionable gown of old rose satin with Persian garniture and lace. With her was Miss Maharg, a pretty girl in figure in a soft embroidered white lingerie frock.

In the tea room Mrs. Cross, as always, charmingly frocked, served the ices, while Mrs. Cornwall, also smartly groomed, dispensed the tea. Miss McIsacs in becoming white voile over taffeta, Miss Jean McIsacs, a decidedly attractive young woman, and Miss Sargent in a dainty white lingerie gown, assisted in looking after the guests, while Mrs. McIsacs played delightfully, and Miss Webster and Miss Potter rendered some lovely songs in splendid voice. Miss Potter, I believe, is going off very shortly either east or to the coast, to go on with her vocal studies, and I think it is hardly too much to prophesy that if she works hard, she has a splendid future of her.

The tea table was a lovely combination of white carnations, fern, and sweet peas, so spring-like and artistic, that everyone was audibly commenting on its beauty, and when I intimate that the refreshments were correspondingly delicious, you will have gathered that the tea was a thoroughly enjoyable one in every respect.

Mr. Hector Landry is a proud young father, so proud that the very newest father in Christendom would be hard put to it to get a word in about his "finest baby." On Tuesday last the wee girl arrived, and assumed immediately the title of Marie Elise, in honor of her only two aunts in all the world. I hear that there never was another baby to be compared to her, and I am quite confident that her father and mother thoroughly agree with the statement. Here's health and good fortune to her, my offer to have her named after me having been unceremoniously turned down.

I see that Miss Hill of Toronto, whom many Edmontonians will remember accompanied the Woman's Congress on the tour of the West, as the first vice-president of the Local Council of Women in Toronto, and who is also president of the Travel Club of that city, is planning a European tour for February next, the twelfth, I believe she has personally conducted the tour before, and is familiar with Miss Hill's exceedingly clever and cheery personality, the prospect of a tour abroad under her supervision will make a special appeal. The party will sail in February

1911 for the Mediterranean. The countries visited will be Spain, Italy, Germany, Switzerland, France, England and Scotland.

The time required will be sixteen weeks, with a probable extension in London to allow of shopping of rest. The party will return in July.

Miss Mathews, a friend of Miss Hill's, who has assisted her in conducting other tours, will also accompany the party. \$500 is the price of the entire trip, which includes the services of two chaperones.

Further information may be had from Miss H. M. Hill, 22 Baldwin street, Toronto.

It is hardly necessary to add that Miss Hill's references are exceptional, and that the opportunity afforded of joining such a party, only sixteen in number, is one which strangers of Europe would be wise to avail themselves of.

BANKING ON THE FRONTIER

The Opening of the First Financial Institution in Fort George, B.C.

The Fort George Tribune gives the following account of the founding of Fort George's first bank, under the caption "Bank of British North America the First to Enter Fort George—Sole a Long March on Rivals and Came in Over Trail as a Party of Magazine Writers on Tour."

Fort George has a bank. The B. N. A. It came on Wednesday in one section by pack train—saggage, books and bills. It came unheralded by advance press notices and unknown to two other chartered banks that had an eye on Fort George, but who were unwilling to face the terrors of a 100-mile trail. The bank of Quesnel was unaware of the presence of the three bank men in their city last week, when they registered from foreign parts. It is surprising that J. Anderson, the bank inspector, who has seen fifteen years' active work on the outposts of British Columbia should run the gauntlet of the Cariboo road and not disclose his purpose, or even arouse the suspicions of the sleepy inhabitants of Quesnel, for, it must be remembered, there is rivalry even among banks in the matter of business. Fort George got second-hand goods and second-hand news via Quesnel, and the fact that the entry of this bank was unheralded, came as a welcome earthquake to those who anticipated, at least, a few advance pointers. The B. N. A., however, played the game to the hilt, and came through as a magazine party entourage. Even the inquisitive packers were non-suited, and not for a moment did their minds wander to the thought that they were unloading and repacking each evening newly-printed bank bills. Even after arrival here, they went on the even tenor of their ways and stated that their business was real estate.

And this was the entry of the first bank into what is known as the geographical centre of British Columbia. There is prestige in being No. 1, even if it is a 12-page land office notice paper that says so. Inspector J. Anderson lost no time in selecting a site for the bank, which will be located on Hamilton street, midway between Second and Third, being lots 11 and 12 in block 11. During the interim a temporary structure has been erected on government ground at the northeast corner of Second and Hamilton streets, where the bank will do business until their permanent headquarters have been erected and completed. In the meantime the bank has three B. N. A. banners to the breeze and nailed it to the front of Wm. Blair & Co's store. They came in Wednesday mid-day and on Friday morning were doing a banking business. The staff was photographed by the inspector prior to the opening of the institution, which took place according to custom, precedent and law—at 10 o'clock a.m., Friday, in the year of our Lord 1910.

L. G. MacHaffie, who has been appointed manager, comes from Hedley, B.C., where it fell to his good fortune to open a branch of the B. N. A. bank, at that point five years ago, and who only left there recently to repeat a similar performance in the Spokane of B.C. J. Munro, who will act as teller, has been transferred from Montreal. Some measure of credit, we believe, must be given to Mr. Godfrey, manager of the Vancouver branch, for his stallion, for it must be remembered he spent a goodly portion of last summer here and was more than favorably impressed with what he saw and learnt of the district.

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from
\$1.00 to
\$115.00

Commenting on the above story the Cariboo Observer under the heading, "Sherlock Holmes Captures the Fort," says:

The Fort George Tribune comes out with a thrilling story of the advent of the Bank of B. N. A. into their midst. It graphically describes how the officials of the bank gunned up the Cariboo trail and pictures their triumphant entry into the Fort, outmanoeuvring all rivals. The manager of the bank, so the story goes, "did not disclose his purpose, or ever arouse the suspicions of the sleepy town of Quesnel." He was disguised as an itinerant magazine writer, but was the master of numerous other disguises. The first part of the story is true; he did not disclose his identity in Quesnel, but the fact of his coming has been known here since the stage left Ashcroft. In regards to "suspicious"—any day a couple of pilgrims wearing macaroni-stem trousers and packing a sack of gold sticks, drift into this burg, they are either put down as remittance men or bank clerks. As Bob Edwards would say, "they are the cynosure of all eyes," the gold sticks especially taxing the imagination of the natives to the utmost. But it made a good story.

THE FIRST PULLMAN

The Car Built for the Canadian Trip of the Late King.

Brantford, Ontario, can claim the distinction of being the birthplace of the Pullman or sleeping car. And the story of the pioneer Pullman is not only interesting, because of its Canadian origin, but because of the fact that the first coach of this description was built for the use of the late King, when as a youth he visited Canada 50 years ago. The Brantford Courier prints a picture of the car and gives this description of it:

This special car was built in the old Buffalo and Lake Huron shops in Brantford for King Edward, then the Prince of Wales, when he toured Canada in 1860. It was a very handsome car, painted in royal blue and handsomely furnished in mahogany. It was built in the shops when the late Mr. Henry Yates still has in his possession the first car ever equipped with Pullman. It was from this car that the late Mr. Pullman in no small degree secured his ideas of the present palatial Pullman sleeping car. In an article recently published in Munsey's Magazine, giving a history of Pullman and his epoch-making invention, it was admitted that this Prince of Wales car was probably the first sleeping car ever attempted.

The car remained in the old Grand Trunk shops for many years, and was then broken up—a most regrettable procedure. The furniture was sold by auction, and was nearly all secured by the late Mr. Henry Yates. Mrs. Henry Yates still has in her possession at Wynand several pieces of the furniture, and Mr. Herbert R. Yates has a beautiful loving cup which was in the car and used by the late King, and also a handsome mahogany dressing table with marble top. The engine which drew this car was called "Victoria," and the tender was ornamented with Prince of Wales plumes. An old picture is in Mrs. Yates' possession showing this engine and a group of officials on the engine dressed in frock coats and quill top hats. These officials were Mr. Yates, Mr. Carter, Mr. Fell and Mr. Park, all of whom returned many years ago to England with the exception of Mr. Yates.

Mr. Thomas Burnley, who is one of the oldest of the G. T. R. employees still living in town, did a lot of work on this Prince of Wales car, and Mr. Walsh has in his museum the large Prince of Wales crest which ornamented it.

A MODERN JEAN VALJEAN

A remarkable story has come to light in Germany, where Charles May, a celebrity of Berlin and Dresden, a rich man and generous citizen, the honored friend of princes and kings, and a writer of unusual power and delicate touch, has been identified as a brigand chief, who, like Robin Hood, was able to gather a large body of daring outlaws around him, but who, unlike the outlaw of Sherwood Forest, despoiled the poor as readily as the rich. How the crafty and heartless bandit of the borders of Saxony and Bohemia could develop into the cultured writer of religious articles and stories for children is puzzling all Germany.

As a youth of twenty-one, Charles May began his career of crime by stealing from his host, apparently for no other reason than the love of pilfering, for he had ample means and an assured future. After a few terms in prison his nature appeared to become wholly criminal, and in a mountain fastness he defied for years the authorities who attempted to put an end to his brigandage. Finally, however, his pursuers were successful, and the outlaw disappeared into the oblivion of a penal settlement on an 8-year sentence. The events following his release are obscure. It is said by some that he visited America and here grew rich. At any rate, some twenty years ago a writer by the name of Charles May began to attract general attention in Germany,

and since then he has come rapidly to the front, and gained the confidence of a nation. People laughed when a well-known Socialist named Lebus declared that the two May's were identical, and the seventy-year-old author himself at once instituted an action for libel. But his hope that the passage of time had destroyed all proof against him was ill-founded. The court dismissed his action, and the aged writer broke down in court and wept pitifully, knowing that henceforth he must be an outcast among his kind.

Lebus has been commended by the courts for his exposure of May's identity, but his action in needlessly and cruelly destroying the accumulated good character of 20 years will hardly find general favor. The more important aspect of the case is that which attaches to the transformation whereby the lawless bandit became the excellent citizen, and it teaches the lesson, which the greatest criminal authorities are now proclaiming, of the potential good which often awaits development in what might be considered the incurably bad. It is with a view to the development of this that prison farms are taking the place of penitentiaries and that the parole system is being widely adopted. After all, the end of the law is to cure, rather than to punish, and humanity will welcome any innovation tending to make untrue the once widely-held idea of "once a criminal, always a criminal."

Hot Bread

Secretary Wilson has issued another cook book in which he punctures the theory that hot bread is unwholesome.—Washington dispatch.

Let the unfettered sing of love,
Its joys and mystery;
Let convict songs, leaping forth,
Sing songs of liberty.
But my unsentimental muse
On solids must be fed;
I sing of Wilson's cook book.
And the praises of hot bread.

Hot bread forever be my theme,
The love for hot corn pone?
What love at breakfast time is like
The love for hot corn pone?
Fresh from the oven's fiery breath
Bring biscuit, roll and bun,
And choicest main meal yet—
The golden Sally Lunn.

At last the judgments of my youth
I find were based on facts,
The food I crave can do no harm
To my digestive tracts.
What though the price of butter rise?
I take no fear nor dread,
Save that there be a lack of it
To serve with my hot bread.

Let others sing of babbling brooks,
Of castle tower and moat,

Of armored knight, of moonbeams pale,
The nightingale's sweet note,
Of liquid eyes, of tresses fair,
But I will sing instead
The praise of Tama Jim and his
Digestible hot bread.
—Richard Linthicum.

STARLAND.

The 1910 Grand National Steeplechase on Monday. There are 25 horses lined up for the start, and the chase will be a grand spectacle which will keep an audience spellbound right until "Jeklistown" crosses the line at the end of the course. The great chase is marred by several accidents. Some of the horses when jumping the high fences fall over and throw their mounts but they regain their feet and keep right on the course till the end.

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Many different accounts have been told as to the manner in which Stand-off, near the junction of the Belly and Kootenai rivers, on the west side of the Blood reserve, came by its name, but here is the true story.

A famous character of the old days, John Johnson, better known as "Liver-eating" Johnson, fitted out in Montana, in company with two other men, a train of supplies, including whiskey, and started north across the South Peigan reserve in Montana to trade with the Canadian Indians.

It was illegal to carry whiskey into the Peigan reserve, and a United States marshal, getting wind of Johnson's trip, set out in pursuit with a troop of cavalry. They came up with Johnson on the reserve about 25 miles south of the international boundary and demanded his arrest.

Johnson and his party promptly refused to do any such thing. They stood off the soldiers, and came on over to Belly River, and named their fort "Stand-off."

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Home and Society

Calgary.

Mr. and Mrs. Eager are leaving for Winnipeg, where they will reside in the future.

T. C. Norris, M.P.P., Griswold, Manitoba, spent a short time in this city.

F. A. Bean of Moose Jaw, was here this week.

Hon. C. W. Fisher spent a few days in Calgary during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Elson, accompanied by Miss Laura Honeywell, have gone to visit at their former home in Carman, Manitoba.

M. S. McCarthy, M.P., has gone to California from Ottawa. He is expected home about May 24th.

A. C. Fraser, manager of the Merchants' Bank of Canada at Edmonton, was here for a few days.

The Ladies' Aid of the Olivet Baptist Church held an apron sale on May 21st.

J. O. W. Robertson and Miss Robertson, of Paisley, Scotland, are visitors in the city this week.

Mrs. J. N. Parkin entertained informally at the tea hour on Wednesday.

Miss McLaughlin, head nurse of the Sanitarium at Banff, is visiting friends in the city.

W. R. Goldie is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Robertson, Fourth Ave. West.

Mrs. J. Barter has returned to the city from a visit to her parents in Wawata, Sask.

Senator Loughheed returned at the end of the week from Ottawa.

Mr. and Mrs. H. James of Vancouver are in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Green of Ottawa are here.

Mr. A. J. Trotter of Montreal was in the city last week.

L. B. Elliot, C.E., left here for Regina to attend to some work in engineering at the district of Craven.

Captain Townsend of Langdon was here this week.

B. F. Blair of Vancouver was in the city for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Davis of Tacoma are guests here.

Mr. and Mrs. Poules of Edinburgh were here for a short visit.

Miss Lockery of Cornwall, Ont., has come to reside here.

Miss Mabel Wilson, B.A., of Edmonton, spent Friday here.

Mr. A. M. and Miss Johnson of Vancouver are guests here for a short time.

Mr. P. H. Smith, C.E., of Edmonton, was the guest of L. B. Elliot, C.E., of this city for part of the week.

Mr. Phillips of Winnipeg was the guest of his brother, F. E. Phillips, during the week.

Mr. Bennock, 606 Sixth street west, entertained the O.R. Club on Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. S. A. Ivan Smith, of Dublin, Ireland, who is travelling through Canada, is seeing Calgary this week.

Mr. F. E. Phillips, who has been account in the Royal Bank for several months, purposed going to Winnipeg.

Mr. E. Taylor, of Toronto, formerly manager of the Hudson's Bay Stores of Calgary, is the next of Senator Mr. Loughheed.

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Caruana, who have been spending several weeks in Ontario and the Maritime provinces, returned to the city on Thursday.

Mrs. Cross and children, and Miss Lucy Brumley of East Calgary left on Thursday morning for Victoria, where they will spend the summer.

The Girls' Hospital Aid held their last meeting of the season on Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Robertson, Fourth avenue west.

The Epworth League of the Central Methodist Church was favored with a splendid programme given by the Delta Alpha, a young ladies' Bible class in charge of Mr. J. A. Irvine, who acted as chairman. The selections were all well rendered and much appreciated. The following numbers were given: Cornet solo, Mr. Buckley; recitation, Miss M. Latimer; pantomime, "Way Down Upon the Swanee River"; recitation, Miss V. Hambley; duet, Miss D. Keirrell and Miss E. Heighon; piano solo, Mrs. Harris; recitation, Miss E. Taylor; quartette, Mrs. Soudey, Mrs. Johnston, Miss Foster and Miss Stoville; recitation, Miss F. Kern; instrumental duet, Messrs. Parr and May; cornet solo, Mr. Buckley.

An Englishman by birth, "Liver-eating" Johnson had first been a sailor. Then in turn he was a gold miner in California, a soldier in the American Civil War, a buffalo hunter, a leader of scouts under General Miles, while fighting the Sioux Indians in 1877, during which he was the hero of many a fight. On one occasion he was cornered by Chief Crazy Horse and his swarms of warriors. He with his little party of twenty soldiers, held out against the Indians for twenty-four hours, until relieved by the United States soldiers.

Many, too, are the weird stories that have been told of the manner in which Johnson came by the odd name of "liver-eating," and here again is the true one:

Back somewhere near the year 1868, Johnson was in charge of two parties that were cutting cord wood down near the mouth of the Musselshell, on the Missouri river. Crow Davis, a well known character of the early days of Montana and South Alberta, was in charge of the other party. Johnson's party was attacked by a big party of Sioux. Johnson's men were armed with the then new-fangled repeating rifles and whipped the Indians good, killing sixty or seventy of them. After the fight they went outside, and killed a number of crippled Indians who were lying around among the dead, and killed them just as they would "lick" wounded antelope. One red fellow crawled off up a nearby coulee. Johnson followed him up and butchered him with his knife. He returned to camp with his hands all bloody, and remarking to his companions, "Come, have a piece of Indian liver. It's good," answered his gory knife across his beard. Thenceforth he was called "Liver-eating" Johnson, to distinguish him from another Johnson who was in the party, and the name remained with him until his death. This other Johnson—his first name was George—was also well known in Southern Alberta, and died a few years ago in the Crow's Nest Pass.

"Liver-eating" Johnson was a great friend of the Crow Indians. In the early days he was a peace officer at Coulson, Montana, and also marshal of Red Lodge in the same state. He had a host of friends in eastern Montana. In his old age he was sent to the Old Soldiers' Home in California, he having been a volunteer from there in the Civil War. He died there in 1900.

Such is the story of Stand-off and the man who founded it—Lethbridge Herald.

The Call

Lake shore and mountain side, Deep wood and prairie, wide, Beckon thee here.

Blue skies and balmy breeze, Green sward and leafy trees, Offer their cheer.

Out from the city's mart, Back into Nature's heart, Gladly they come;

Away from the wearing strife, Living a saner life, Children at home.

Wealth of a thousand farms, Tilted by strong willing arms, Hearts happy here.

Children on pleasure bent, Mother in sweet content, Hovering near.

Lightly the zephyrs glide, Over the prairie wide, Whisper and coo.

Moistened by winter snows, Blossoms now like a rose, Where'er you view.

Join then the eager throng, Tarry not overlong, Belated not be.

Hear you the challenge rung, Over the border fleeing, Alberta for me.

O. A. BROUGHTON,

May 10, 1910. Norbo, Alta.

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Capital Authorized - - - - - \$5,000,000.
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Rest and Undivided Profits - - - - - \$3,763,480.

Savings Department

An account may be opened by the deposit of \$1 or upward—on which interest will be allowed.

Edmonton Branch

A. H. DICKINS, Manager

Prince and Princess have to be away on one of the children's birthdays, it is looked upon as a calamity in the family.

Her Artistic Tastes

It is well known that the Princess of Wales is an artist of no mean order and has amongst the souvenirs of her travels some water-color sketches of her own painting which are charmingly done. She has also been enthralled by Queen Alexandra into going in for photography, which has become one of her favorite hobbies and which she does well, as indeed, she does most things in which she is interested. Her artistic talents have been inherited by her little daughter, who draws exceedingly well.

Her Love of Books

The Princess is also a great reader and lover of books. Her tastes in literature are extremely catholic, and she reads all the best new novels by British authors as they come out. Her library contains all Harrison Ainsworth's thrilling historical novels, which were among the delights of her childhood and are now read with avidity by her sons and daughters.

Her Taste in Dress

Her taste in dress is well known. Like Queen Alexandra she affects simple styles and soft colors which are so becoming to her. But they are always of the richest materials. Her Royal Highness is a great connoisseur of beautiful silks, and the British manufacturer owes her a deep debt of gratitude for her enthusiastic encouragement of his fabrics. The hawking trade in England and Ireland, too, has received a great impetus from her appreciation of its productions, and through the happy possessor of priceless heirlooms in the way of Brussels, Honiton, point de Venise, and Alencon laces the Princess nearly always prefers to wear some of her beautiful pieces of British-made lace on her gowns. Her collection of real lace of all kinds is probably one of the finest in the kingdom.

Her Charity

Her devotion to good causes of all kinds is among her queenly qualities. All her children are made to set aside a portion of their pocket money for "grandpapa's hospital fund," and this year the three elder ones managed to save up a guinea each for it, which they added with great pride to their father's handsome donation.—London Tatler.

A Story of King George

(Curtis Brown, in London correspondence of Springfield Republican.)

An excellent story of his modesty refers to the time when he was a young officer on a warship which put in at Nova Scotia to coal. A prominent American politician was at Halifax when the vessel entered the port, and, in hope of seeing the young Prince, he obtained permission to inspect the ship. Coal was in progress when he came on board, and the captain, who was busy, turned him over to a young officer, who showed him all over the ship. The officer's face was beaming with coal dust, and his uniform showed that he had been called from superintending the trimming of the bunkers to act as host to the visitor. The American questioned him about the Prince.

"Isn't he to be seen today?" he asked.

"I'm afraid his features won't be visible," was the reply.

"Oh, I suppose you keep him wrapped up in cotton and wool when a job like this is on," said the American, but the young officer only laughed.

Finally, when he had been shown everything there was to see, the Am-

erican went to say good-bye to the captain, who asked him if he had seen all he wanted; most to see, the Prince.

"The Prince!" said the captain. "Why, man, you have been with him for the last two hours."

"Was that the Prince?" the American shouted. "Well, captain, you just give him my compliments, and tell him that I have gone ashore to kick myself."

NEWFOUNDLAND PAYS TRIBUTE

To the Grand Work Dodd's Kidney Pills are Doing

Fishermen Regard Them as a Boon to Mankind—Mr. Frank Banfield tells How They Cured His Backache.

Garnish, Fortune Bay, Nfld., May 16.—(Special).—Among the fishermen here, who through exposure to wet and cold are subject to those pains and aches which come from diseased kidneys, Dodd's Kidney Pills are looked upon as a positive boon to mankind. They are never tired of telling how their Backaches and their Rheumatism vanish before the great Kidney remedy.

Among many others Mr. Frank Banfield, after years of suffering, has found relief in Dodd's Kidney Pills, and here is what he is telling his friends:—

"I find Dodd's Kidney Pills the best medicine for Backache I have ever used. I only used two boxes and they cured me of Backache I had had for five years. It started through a strain. My father's back also bothered him, and he got some relief from one pill I gave him. They were too precious to give him more. All persons suffering from Backache should use Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Why do Dodd's Kidney Pills cure Backache? Simply because Backache is Kidney ache, and Dodd's Kidney Pills positively cure all Kidney aches and ills. This has been proved in thousands of cases in Canada. If you haven't taken them yourself ask your neighbors.

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You Can Have a Model Kitchen

as cool and white as a dairy. No smell, no smoke, no heat, no dust. No old-fashioned contrivances. The

New Perfection Oil Cook-stove

is the latest practical, scientific cook-stove. It will cook the most elaborate dinner without heating the kitchen.

Boils, bakes, or roasts better than any range. Ready in a second. Extinguished in a second. Fitted with Cabinet Top, with collapsible



The Imperial Oil Company,
Limited.

The nickel finish, with the turquoise blue of the enamel chimneys, makes the stove ornamental and attractive. Made with 1, 2 and 3 burners; the 3 and 3-burner stoves can be had with or without Cabinet.

Every dealer everywhere; if not at yours, write for Descriptive Circular to the nearest branch office.

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Who are Exacting. They usually know Goods of Quality and insist on having them. There are none so hard to please but will be satisfied with

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They are the most perfect made, make absolutely no noise, no splutter, no smell of sulphur, are quick, safe. All good dealers keep them, also

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AN EXPOSURE OF PALLADINO

Mode of Operations of the Famous Italian Medium Laid Bare by a New York Professor.

Dickinson S. Miller, Professor of Philosophy at Columbia University, New York, has written the following account of investigations which he and a number of other professors made into the weird mysteries of Eusapia Palladino, the famous Italian medium:

"The fullest publicity should be given, if possible, to the finding of the committee of American men of science in the case of Eusapia Palladino:

"The subtle Italian medium we have been studying is a kind of incarnation of specious evidence, a symbol of sophistry. Her art is to obtain credence under false pretences. She has succeeded. Readers have hardly realized the serious interest that she has sustained for nineteen years. Group after group have sat with her and published results. Imposing committees have issued elaborate reports in her favor. No other medium has ever absorbed so much and so prolonged scientific attention. These learned patrons have inflated her reputation and exalted her prices.

Would Deceive If She Could.

"As the case stood in January last, there had been no real progress regarding it since 1895. It was then proved in Cambridge, England (what had been suspected before), that Eusapia would sometimes deceive the holders if she could, free a hand or a foot and get it into the cabinet behind her. Last December this was once more confirmed by Mr. Edgar T. Scott of Philadelphia, who, at one of Mr. Carrington's seances, put his head under the curtain into the cabinet and came in contact with her stockinged foot. After fifteen years it was time to take a step forward.

Professors in Curious Positions.

The investigators had four sittings with the Italian medium, Palladino, in the physical laboratory at Columbia University in January last. The investigators were: Charles L. Dana, M.D., professor of nervous diseases; William Hallock, professor of physics; Dickinson S. Miller, professor of philosophy, Columbia; Frederick Peterson, M.D., professor of psychiatry; W. B. Pitkin, lecturer on philosophy; Augustus Trowbridge, professor of physics; Edmund B. Wilson, professor of biology; R. W. Wood, professor of physics. Prof. Trowbridge belongs to Princeton University, and Prof. Wood to Johns Hopkins. The other investigators belong to Columbia University. Palladino was watched from a tiny window opened in the panels of the wall on the left, near the floor and near her chair; from a large chest of drawers on her right, the lower drawers of which were taken out, and from a hole in the top of the "cabinet" an investigator, lying on a mattress on top of a high instrument case, also kept his eye at the hole, awaiting the appearance of her arm or foot in the cabinet below. Finally, she was watched from the space under the chair on the right and left sides of the table, the watchers having their eyes within about eight inches of her feet.

The Substitution Trick.

"First of all, we made close observations of her extraordinary 'substitution trick.' I confess I was crestfallen when I discovered that this old ruse was still her grand strategy. She persuades the two holders on her right and left that they are holding two hands or two feet, when, in fact, they have hold of one at different points. With the feet it can be easily done, as the feet of the holders and the medium are all together under a table a foot and a half wide. With the hands it is done either on her lap as she sits at the table or on the table under cover of the curtain, which often 'blows out' over the table and remains there.

Secret of the Weird Hands.

"We found the secret of her 'materializations.' In all the previous reports, weird hands, heads and feet, which suddenly appeared in front of the curtain, had figured plentifully. Again I was crestfallen. These spiritual members, taking shape before our eyes, turned out to be the medium's hands. By close watching we repeatedly saw her hand, which had slipped its holding, dart back toward the curtain. The hand appearing above her head was often strikingly like her. Sometimes it was white and vague in the semi-darkness, apparently swathed in a bit of flimsy white material like a handkerchief that she was once noticed to carry with her. No materialization whatever appeared except when there was reason to believe that the medium had her left hand free—she is left-handed—and every materialization was such as her

left hand could procure.

The Eerie Breezes.

"Then the breezes. Through all the foreign accounts these eerie breezes blow. Cold air under the table, a sudden blowing out of the curtain, and, chief of all, the famous breeze from a scar above the forehead. The curtain is flung out by her arm and hand, and makes a breeze as it is flung. When it bulges out slightly, this is apparently done by her foot or hand. That far-famed breeze from above the brow on the left side came from the corner of her mouth. The current of air is sent up close to the face.

"The touches are made, of course, by the medium's hand, usually the left, and also by her foot, which she can raise to more than a moderate height without altering the poise of her body. I have seen her touch and grasp, and put on and take off the eye-glasses of an elderly divine who sat on her left in a midnight seance.

The Rapping.

"We next come to the raps. The medium, early in the sitting will tap or thump three times on the middle of the seance table and listen. Three faint, dull, but unmistakable raps or thuds are heard in reply.

"These effects are produced in two ways. Having freed her left foot by substitution, she raps it against the left leg of the table about three inches above the floor. The other way of producing raps is a very old trick. One hand rests on the corner of the table. The skin on one finger is pressed against the table and then suddenly made to slip a fraction of an inch. This causes the sound.

Raising the Table.

"The most baffling of all her wonders to us were the levitations. The table tilts lightly, first toward one side, then perhaps toward the other. These first tilts are plainly produced by her hands resting on the corners. Then suddenly the end of the table toward the medium rises; that is, only the legs at the other end of the table remain on the floor; then perhaps three legs come off the floor; then a last 'grande levitation.' The observers saw her, when the attention of most was drawn away to the other end of the table, put her left hand on the corner of the table and press it down. Thus the table was hoisted between her left foot and her left hand. On other occasions the thing is apparently done with the right hand or foot. But Eusapia seems to work on the left side when she can."

Thumbs Down

Tattletown, Hickerville, the Second-Growth Hickories from the gravel road, the Pluguggies and the Haymakers have formed a league, and Reeve Ham is going to donate a pennant to the winners. I don't know exactly what they are going to play during the season. If it's baseball, it will be under the rules of 1890, and if it's football there won't be any rules worth mentioning. But what is agitating the peaceably-disposed people in the various rival hamlets is the fear that before the snow begins to fly they will fall all the villages in the district will be at open war with one another, and there will be enough hard feelings to fast till the crack of doom.

These neighborhood feuds are to be dreaded. A couple of little, quiet villages will be evenly matched for a championship of some kind—it doesn't matter what it is—and if they were rivals for the sport of the thing it would be great. It's too bad that altogether too frequently they will stoop to mean and cowardly tricks and subterfuges to get the better of an adversary. If the games were played by home talent, you see, who belong to their villages, it wouldn't be so bad, either; but they are sure to hire toughs from the neighboring towns to help them win out, and they play down to their level every time. Next 24th of May there will be baseball and croquet games galore all over the land, and it's a safe bet that nearly all the teams will play ringers. Where is the fun in that? Can the young fellows from Punkinville explain to me where the glory comes in when their battery was hired in Guelph or St. Thomas, or their goalkeepers came from Markham, or they got their cover-point from Woodbridge?

The winning village is unduly hilarious and insulting; the losing hamlet is unduly sullen, sulky, and resentful. The question of who struck



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Ten for ten cents

Smokers have caught on to their low price
and fine quality

Ab Spulpin during the game Victoria Day will be discussed before and after church, at every thrashing, every beer, every dance and funeral for generations. On Resurrection morning they will be at it again before they are half way out of their graves, chewing the rag as to whether the last goal kicked on July 1st, 1910, was a "goal" or not.

But the trouble gets into the papers. First thing you know, a Tattletown player will write to the Jericho Junction Standard denouncing the Soap-town players as cannibals. Next week the Soap-town correspondent will get back with a pointed reference to the ass's crowd from Tattletown. Next a Kickersville scribe will get busy with a letter accusing the Soap-town aggregation and the Second-Growth Hickories with combining to lose all their games to the Pluguggies so as to cheat and beat them, the gentlemanly Kickersville outfit, out of the pennant. Then a wrathful Soap-town artist will hand in a paragraph to the effect that the writer of the scurrilous article in last week's paper is a bigger liar than Tom Pepper, who was kicked out of a certain place for prevarication. Then the Second-Growth Hickories will butt in with a long rignarole denouncing Peter Skin of Lynden, as a dishonest referee. This wakes up the Lynden poet, who writes seventeen verses of doggerel to be sung to the tune of John Brown's Body Lie A-Moulding in the Grave. The Second-Growth Hickories hasten away to the talented crowd on the tenth concession who writes poetry, and he furnishes them with a song about the other fellows, to be sung to the tune of Old Dan Tucker.

The much-endured Swamp Angels wake up about this time and accuse the Sod Wallopers of getting a pitcher from the Toronto's for their game at Puslinch Lake, and the Sod

Wallopers get back by asking "Will you played first base for you fellows on Labor Day? He got ten dollars and his expenses, and—where did the money come from?"

It's the thumbs-down spirit that actuates the spectators at the gladiatorial combats of old that accounts for it. Win fair if you can but win anyhow—any old way! And the modern crowd seems to gloat over a rough play. The brutal preparations for a great prize fight are read with a relish by all classes. The prospect of a clash between the Second-Growth Hickories and the Sod Wallopers on Victoria Day will collect an enormous crowd.

And the great trouble is that the bitterness between two rival towns is fostered for it is sure to swell the gate receipts. So that even our sports are degraded by the almighty dollar.

—The Khan in Toronto Star.

Turner's Orchestra

For Dances, etc.

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One Good Investment Worth a Life-Time of Labour Here is an Opportunity for the Man of small means

This advertising announcement is especially directed to such readers of this paper as are honestly interested in their future; men and women who are not living altogether for today, but who have before them a definite and fixed purpose, and so shape their destiny each day, by word and deed, so that at some date not far in the future they may be able to achieve the crowning event of their lives.

It is only human that we should each desire to have in our own name much of this world's goods, sufficient at least to provide for comfort and independence during our old age. It is quite true that only a lucky few attain this position in the days of their youth.

Are you satisfied with your future prospects? Do you know beyond the shadow of a doubt that within three or five years' time you will amass a fortune?

Could you say to yourself, right now, that in the next eighteen months you will have practically made or saved from the investments which you are making today sufficient funds to provide for yourself and family a comfortable living for ten years' time?

Millions from a few Dollars in Oil

Chanslor and Canfield were both poor prospectors. Realizing the great possibilities and future of the California oilfields, they placed their savings in the oil industry and are today rated as multi-millionaires.

Zed Phillips, four years ago last September, alighted from the train in the Coalinga Field, and was the possessor of \$23. The magic "23" did not disturb him; he was the proud owner of a million dollars' worth of grit, nerve and energy. He worked hard, saved his money, and did things. He invested his earnings in the oil fields and as a result he is now worth a quarter of a million.

It would be difficult to devote much space to such men as Doheny, O'Donnell, Chanslor, Hardison, Stewart and thousands of others who through small investments in the great oil industry of California became men of wealth.

Don't sigh and regret—Do something

We often look back and think to ourselves that had our foresight been as good as our hindsight, we would have done differently. This looking back to disappointments that have passed is particularly interesting in connection with the California oil fields.

Others have made Money in Oil—Why not You?

The following is a list of "ifs" that are opening investors' eyes to the possibilities of California oil shares:

If you had invested \$100 at ground floor prices in—
Silver Tip, you could have made.....\$ 600
W.K., you could have made.....1000
Sterling, you could have made.....1000
Premier, you could have made.....1100
Monte Cristo, you could have made.....1120
Record, you could have made.....2000
S. F. & McK., you could have made.....2400
Sauer Dough, you could have made.....4166
Lucile, you could have made.....5000
San Joaquin, you could have made.....5700
Peerless, you could have made.....6350
Kern River, you could have made.....9500
Central Oil, you could have made.....15000
If you had purchased Pinal Oil shares at 25c per share, you could have sold at \$25 per share; it pays a regular monthly dividend of 15c per share—a monthly income of \$60 on an original investment of \$100.

When the "Silver Tip" well in the Coalinga oil fields came in, this stock jumped in a night from \$60c to \$4 and has been paying a dividend of 10c per share ever since. This is recent history having occurred but a short time ago.

You have the same opportunities today in the Coalinga oil fields and plenty of them, but you must think, reason and analyze for yourself before you can hope to acquire your share of the world's wealth; you must have the courage of your convictions and act.

Advantages of Investments in Oil Securities

It is stated by the best of oil authorities that 95 per cent. of the wells drilled in the proven zone of the Coalinga field produce oil. You must therefore realize that the element of risk in an oil investment is practically eliminated. Furthermore, placing your money in oil companies means quick and in most cases, large returns, particularly so in cases where the companies are operating in shallow territory which assures inexpensive drilling and quick action on the invested capital.

Crude oil at the present market price is being purchased from the producer at sixty-three cents per barrel at the well. Mr. Aubrey, California State Mineralogist, states that oil at \$1 per barrel is cheaper fuel than coal. Two and a half barrels of oil are equal to as fuel a ton of coal, so that quantity of oil at a dollar a barrel or 2.50 is the equal of a ton of coal at \$8.00.

Taking the federal geologist's figures as a basis of calculation, there is at present in the Coalinga District oil worth \$2,000,000,000. The great Comstock mines produced only \$645,000,000.

The Property of the Coalinga Eureka Oil Company close to great Cusher Well

The holdings of the Coalinga Eureka Oil Company consists of eighty acres, situated in Section 24, Township 21 South, Range 14 East, Fresno County, California, separated by only two sections from the famous Section 6, the home of the great "Silver Tip" gusher, and of the Lucile, Amy, Pacific States Oil Companies, etc., all of whom rank foremost among the big producers of this great field. Section 18, adjoining the Coalinga Eureka property, is the scene of unequalled activity. Derricks have been built, tools hauled out and drilling operations are being carried on with relentless energy. It is the undoubted opinion of experts and practical oil men that Sections 18 and 24 are destined to produce some of the most remarkable wells in the Coalinga field. E. W. Preston, probably the best expert in the whole of the Coalinga field, and Superintendent of the Consolidate Oil Company (which adjoins our Coalinga Eureka property) also General Manager of the New York Coalinga and Aladdin Oil Companies (all producing) writes regarding the property of the Coalinga Eureka Oil Company:

"You ask me to give an expert report on your land in Sections 24, 21 and 14. I have just returned from a very careful examination of the property. You have the same identical formation that has made the entire west side of the Coalinga field famous. You are sure to get good wells at medium depth. This property adjoins our property and I have been trying to purchase this same tract. While regret that we were unable to procure it, I cannot refrain from congratulating you on securing such a desirable piece of oil land. It means success to your Company."

Plans of the Company

It is the plan of the Company to drill and complete at least four wells during the present year. These wells, according to the output of the wells on adjacent property, should have an average yield of 400 barrels per well, or 1,600 barrels per day; 48,000 barrels per month, which would enable the Company to pay dividends to the stockholders of from 3 to 5 per cent. per month, besides holding in reserve a large sum of money for further development.

Stocks and Disposition of Funds

To complete their first well, the Company is placing on the market a block of 50,000 shares of Treasury Stock, fully paid and non-assessable, at 25c per share; when this stock is disposed of, the price will be materially advanced.

The money received from the sale of this stock will be expended in developing the property, and not in fancy salaries. There are no salaried officials.

Our Officers and Directors

Edward Meath, the President holds the very responsible position of Treasurer of Fresno County, Washington. Mr. Meath is identified with some of the largest commercial and financial institutions in that State, and is considered to be one of the most forceful, energetic, and successful business men in the State of Washington.

Hon. W. H. Kerr, the Vice-President, is an ex-Superior Court Judge of Fresno County, California. Judge Kerr, is one of the first settlers and pioneer operators in the Coalinga field. It is the consensus of opinion that he is today the best informed person re local conditions in the Coalinga Oil field as well as one of the ablest oil experts and operators in all the California oil fields. Judge Kerr will take care of all development work on the Company's property, giving it his undivided personal attention, thereby assuring good judgment and conservatism in the management of the Company's field operations.

A. Roland, the Secretary, is one of the early operators in the Coalinga oil field and is prominently identified with the oil industry throughout the State of California. He is a man of unquestionable integrity and superior judgment.

E. Y. Grasset, one of Vancouver's most prominent contractors, a native son of Ontario, well known in social and commercial circles in Toronto. Mr. Grasset has proved himself to be thoroughly conversant with all matters of finance, and from the manner in which he has succeeded in his own business, has been elected to the Board of Directors of this Company.

Mr. Grasset is a valuable acquisition to the Board of Directors; careful in his judgments, conservative in all his business undertakings, thoroughly experienced in the control of corporations. He will render a good account of himself and will surely act in the best interests of the shareholders of this Company.

H. S. Ford, M.D., C.M., one of our leading physicians, is a graduate of McGill University, Montreal, and is a well-known practitioner. He has established a most enviable reputation as a successful business man; far-seeing in all his investments and possessing natural shrewdness, he has proved himself to be a master of finance and a very capable business manager.

So promising are the holdings of this Company, so good the prospects of the same, that em-

inent geologists and oil experts say that the Coalinga-Eureka Oil Company will bring into existence in the very near future oil wells which will produce enormous profits for the shareholders.

Now is your opportunity to acquire a holding in this corporation when the shares are selling at ground floor prices.

Only a limited block of stock is to be sold at the ground floor price of 25c per share.

We expect that the issue of 50,000 shares at 25c per share will be over-subscribed within the next two weeks' time.

No applications will be received for shares at 25c after Saturday, May 28th. Should there remain any unsold shares after that date they will be withdrawn from the market and a new issue placed on the market on June 1st at, in all probability, 35c or 40c. The price will be advanced from month to month as the development of the property warrants. It is expected that on the 1st of July the shares will be selling at 60c or 75c each.

Do not delay in mailing your application since this advertising announcement appears in over 200 publications and there are only 50,000 shares to be sold at 25c.

Sit down now and wire the Coalinga-Eureka Oil Company, Vancouver, to reserve your shares, then mail your cash payment by first mail.

Remit by cheque, bank draft, express money order or postal note, and make all payments payable to George L. Taschereau, Trustee, for the Coalinga-Eureka Oil Company, at par, in Vancouver, B.C.

In directing your wire it will be sufficient to say:

"The Coalinga-Eureka Oil Company, Vancouver, B.C.—Reserve..... shares, mailing remittance today. Signed....."

No application will be received for less than 100 shares. Remit all cash, or an easy payment plan as per schedule attached.

Remember, this stock is non-assessable—the company is a limited liability corporation.

When you have paid your 25c in full a certificate will be issued at once showing that your stock is fully paid up and non-assessable, each share having a par value of \$1.

What Your Money will Buy

Cash Plan (5 p.c. deducted).
\$ 23.75 will buy 100 shares.....par value \$ 100
47.50 will buy 200 shares.....par value 200
118.75 will buy 500 shares.....par value 500
237.50 will buy 1000 shares.....par value 1000

Instalment Plan

\$10.00 cash and \$7.50 a month for 2 months buys 100 shares.
\$20.00 cash and \$15.00 a month for 2 months buys 200 shares.
\$30.00 cash and \$22.50 a month for 2 months buys 300 shares.
\$40.00 cash and \$30.00 a month for 2 months buys 400 shares.
\$50.00 cash and \$37.50 a month for 2 months buys 500 shares.
\$100.00 cash and \$75.00 a month for 2 months buys 1000 shares.

Prospectus mailed on application.

Remember to address your application and make all cheques payable to:

GEORGE L. TASCHEREAU, Trustee,
The Coalinga-Eureka Oil Company,
Vancouver, B.C.

NOTE AND COMMENT

(Continued from Page One)

Woodrow Wilson of Princeton University being quoted in support of that position, has aroused, we find, a great deal of interest. No apology need, therefore, be offered for quoting from the Chicago Examiner some comment on the address referred to.

"President Woodrow Wilson of Princeton University," says the Examiner, "made a speech before the local Princeton alumni of Pittsburg recently that has startled all the wags of the academic cloisters."

"He also sent two hundred Pittsburgers into a shiver of cold and ir- bidding silence."

"President Wilson said that he had determined to spend his life in the democratizing of the university; that the endowed universities of America look for the support of the wealthy and neglect their opportunities to serve the people, and that the type of university man that we are mainly producing is a patron of privilege and 'won't do.'"

"Incidentally the speaker admitted that the state universities are more democratic than those that depend upon endowments and the patronage of rich men."

"It is no answer to this indictment of higher education in America to say that comparatively poor men are flocking to the universities every year in increasing numbers."

"The point is not that poor men are unable to get an education of a certain sort, but that the teaching tends to become warped to suit the narrow and illiberal notions of a privileged class."

"A system of education is not made democratic by being made cheap. It would be possible to give everybody a college education on a meal-ticket basis whilst utterly destroying that democracy of the arts and sciences for which Mr. Wilson is contending."

"The truth is—and Mr. Wilson does well to emphasize it, even at the risk of chilling the Pittsburgers and the pedants—that the real humanities and sciences are in their very nature democratic and universal. And a culture conceived in the interest of monopoly is a mere conceit—devoid of all artistic and scientific validity."

"Under the patronage of monopolists, the intellect of a race is sure to decline and to precipitate itself at last in social decadence and calamity."

"Mr. Wilson is right in saying that intellectual 'self-possession' is necessary for safe guidance through the maze of our social problems."

"If America shall lose its self-possession," so says this brave college president, "she will stagger like France through fields of blood before she again finds peace and prosperity under the leadership of men who understand her needs."



WOODROW WILSON

"And there are state universities—such as those of Wisconsin and Michigan—that are thoroughly realizing their proper function as centres of constructive civilization in the midst of the working world."

This is what we want in Alberta and what Dr. Tory has made it plain that this is what it is his object to supply. We have done well to grapple with the cause of higher education as a state undertaking and having done so, it would be utterly folly to divert part of the resources available for this purpose, to a second and a privately controlled institution. Fortunately the movement for the establishment of the latter is not likely to receive any large measure of support outside of Calgary. The Lethbridge and Medicine Hat papers have come out very strongly against the proposal to devote provincial funds to helping it along, and the promoters would do well to drop it. It is easy to understand the disappointment of the people of the southern city in not having the provincial university located there, but, once this choice having been made, it is the duty of all good Albertans to rally to its support.

Some of Edison's Ideas

In the June issue of Popular Electricity, an interesting article appears on "The Tomorrows of Electricity and Invention," in which the writer, Mr. Thomas A. Edison, predicts that we shall easily have \$50,000,000,000 of money in the electrical science in 1925 and five times as many persons will then be employed in electricity as now. He also considers that there is absolutely no reason why horses should be allowed within the limits of a city, as between the gasoline and electric car no room is left for them. As to other matters, he believes a

family would live the year around without using anything but good package food, and declares that what is needed is to carry this a step further and have stores run on the automatic plan so as to reduce the cost of distribution. He finds that homes and cities cost too much, and puts in a word for the making of cement houses in the mould, as such houses can be erected complete with plumbing and heating apparatus for \$1200, each of which would cost \$5000 in cut-stone.

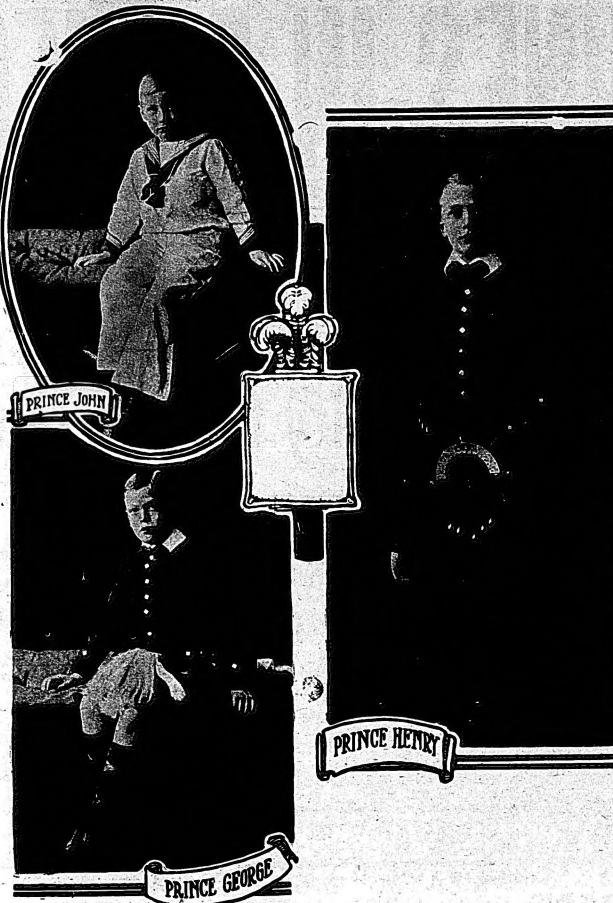
How Jabez Balfour Was Arrested

The story of how Scotland Yard secured the arrest of Jabez Balfour is told in Blackwood's Magazine by Sir Robert Anderson, former chief of the criminal investigation department.

Judgment had been obtained against Balfour on civil process for debt, and the game was to seize him under a commitment order of the provincial court as soon as he was handed over on the extradition charge. Accordingly the prisoner was not given up until the daily train from Buenos Ayres had started. But my inspector, having made friends with the station-master, had arranged for a "special," and yet he escaped only by a minute or two; and before the train had covered more than three or four miles it was intercepted by the sheriff, who rode out on the line, waving his writ and signalling to them to stop. But the inspector had taken the precaution of travelling on the engine, and he at once got between the driver and the levers, and the unfortunate sheriff was cut down by the train. This, however, was only one chapter in the story.

At a junction on the line, where a change of trains was necessary, the police had received orders by telegraph to arrest all concerned on a charge of murder. But as my officer was facing the driver when the accident occurred, he saw nothing of it; and while this difficulty was under discussion he quietly got his prisoner into the second "special" which was waiting for him, and started for the coast. I may add that the police officer in question is now superintendent of the C. I. D. at Scotland Yard; and the relatives of the unfortunate sheriff's officer received compensation for his death.

The Three Youngest Sons of King George V.



The Night Express

It comes at nightfall, serpentine and light.

Described afar; and stings with head-light fangs

The unsuspecting dark, whose shadows writhe

Quivering as if gripped with mortal pangs.

Uncoupling from a town's incipient sleep.

It shoots into the night with dragon thunder;

Plain totter; ebon hills that stand like sheep.

Huddled in fright, make haste to spring asunder,

Sometimes when on my dormitory pines

Cloud-alien lightnings from its furnace flare,

I see the land one mass of wriggling trains,

And fury-like the globe with snaky hair:

And quail amid the universal hiss,

Till gazing up toward's reappearing skies,

I think how some far-off Metropolis

Will charm these pythons with her morning eyes.

—Gottfried Huft, in Literary Digest.

Vancouver, May 10.—The Consolidated Oil Fields of California, Limited, an English Syndicate, with offices at Albion House, 60 Oxford St., London, has purchased the entire holdings of the Ramona and Bonita Oil Companies, California, and intend developing the entire holdings of these companies on a large scale, and to commence drilling at once.

It is learned on consulting commercial authorities that the new company



is the offspring of one of England's foremost corporations, to-wit: The International Lands & Industry Company, Ltd., of London, England, which is heavily capitalized.

The news was made public in the San Francisco papers several days ago that British capital is investing heavily in the California Oil Fields, and the fact that over \$20,000,000 of English coin was invested there.

The absorption of the greater portion of the dividend-paying petroleum plants of this state, by financially strong managers, and the prospect that the system of marketing and producing will be carried on along conservative lines, will lend stability to the oil business, and will, to a great extent, place it among industrial rather than speculative enterprises.

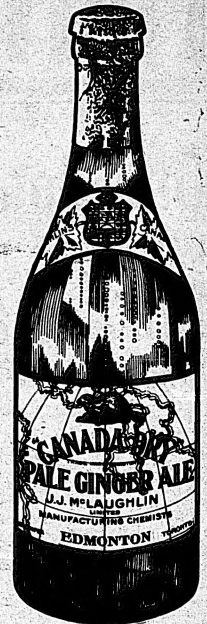
The Californians who have become enriched by this accession of foreign capital, will invest their profit in new petroleum fields to develop thoroughly by the vast area of the oil deposits along the coast ranges.



If the farmyard play develops we may expect a new type of actor to be evolved. Probable scene in a Theatrical Club of the future.—Punch.

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Splits, " - - - 80

A deposit of 25c charged on bottles

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